Scenes and Persons in the Current News

1—Unveiling of monument at Lille which French government erected to commemorate the 20,000 trained homing pigeons killed in the World war. 2—Students of Northwestern university, Evanston, Ill., demonstrating against war and Fascism. 3—Delegation of east coast seamen demanding of Secretary of Commerce Roper an investigation of the American merchant marine.

May Robson at 76 Is Screenland's "Grand Old Lady"

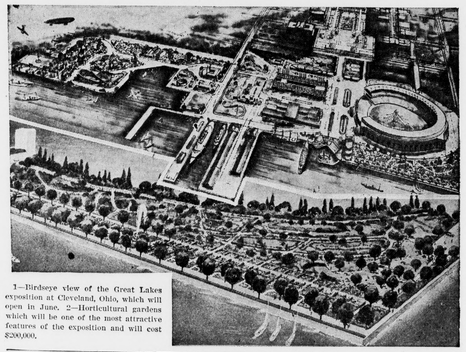
May Robinson, the screen's "grand old lady," celebrated her seventy-sixth birthday by canning strawberry jelly, buying herself a new car, promising

herself a trip to London, and signing a new contract with MGM studios. "My career is just beginning," she stated. "Why, I'm going to work until I'm at least a hundred."

Helping Celebrate a Harbor Opening

When the Newport bay and harbor on the coast of Orange county, Calif, were officially opened the other day, these pretty and plucky girls took part in the water sports. The celebration, including all types of aquatic events, was held southern California one of the finest yacht and pleasure harbors in the world. This thrilling action photo shows a surfboard fencing contest, one of the main events of the day.

Great Lakes Exposition at Cleveland, Ohio



1—Birdseye view of the Great Lakes exposition at Cleveland, Ohio, which will open in June. 2—Horticultural gardens which will be one of the most attractive features of the exposition and will cost $200,000.

Barring Alien Labor From Colorado

National Guardsmen are seen inspecting a bus for indigents and alien laborers seeking to enter Colorado. Gov. Ed. C. Johnson ordered the guardsmen to patrol a 300-mile strip along the southern border of the state to prevent entry of alien laborers.

C. O. P. KEYNOTER

Senator Frederick Steiwer of Oregon, who was selected to deliver the keynote speech at the G. O. P. convention at Cleveland in June.

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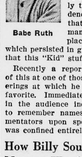
Many Sports Folks Share Ruth's Hazy Memory for Names

DURING the seasons of his great-est glory, the newspaper boys were ever uncovering one flaw in the perfection of that stout citizen who now devotes his declining years to golf. No matter how often they might dine or otherwise commune with him, they always were discovering that this first 15 or 20 meetings were the hardest.

After that the stout citizen would give up guessing as to whether this was Bill or Dan or Joe. From then on their lives could be made more beautiful by knowledge that Babe Ruth would know them, collectively and individually, as "Kid."



Babe Ruth

Of course, from time to time gentlemen—from whatever estate the newspaper business happens to be in—resented this disregard for their undoubted worth and baptismal monikers. Most of them, though, merely took it as new evidence of the pressure that besets a great man or smirked complacently at mirrors which persisted in giving bald evidence that this "Kid" stuff was all wrong.

Recently a reporter made mention of this at one of those vast public gatherings at which he is such a popular favorite. Immediately some busybody in the audience inquired if inability to remember names of eminent entertators upon sports and wresting was confined entirely to the Babe.

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How Billy Southworth's Memory Was Stymied

Sadly, being one of those who are reluctant to share the miseries and the secrets of his profession with the world, the reporter was forced to admit the truth.

There was, for instance, the St. Louis baseball scrivener who devoted several seasons to giving his best aid, advice and comfort to Billy Southworth. Perhaps the reporter and the Cardinal manager were not as close as Park and Tilford but to all outward appearances they seemed two hearts that beat as one. Then fate (along with the failure to win a pennant) decreed that Southworth should try his baseball fortunes elsewhere.

Scant months later the two were reunited in a hotel lobby.

"How are you, Bill," caroled the baseball writer, rushing forward.

"Ah, uh." It was not that Mr. Southworth is a snob, a ribber or a guy who devotes his life to dealing out the ice. His brow was wrinkled in earnest concentration for a full minute. You could see that he was bearing down, determined not to let memory slip a fast one over the corner.

"Ah, uh—Say, I know your face. Didn't you use to play the piano at—" But the curtain must be drawn over this deplorable scene . . .

Carpenter Didn't Know Joe Beckett Socially

It can be lifted upon the fact that athletes also fail to know one another. By this I do not refer to the Helen Willses, the Helen Jacobses or those others who probably have very good reason for not nodding as they pass by.

Instead, we can turn to the more elysian spheres. There we can consider an episode in the life of a gentleman once admiringly hailed by the press as the "Orchid Man," although he certainly was not in the florist racket.

"What kind of a fellow is this Joe Beckett?" he was asked.

"I don't know," was the quick, confident and smiling reply. "I've never met him."

"Sure you have," persisted the interviewer, shifting to English so that the waiter might get in on the laugh, too. "Don't you remember? He was in the ring with you twice and you knocked him out both times."

"Yes, I know." Georges Carpentier continued affable and willing to oblige. "But that was in the ring. I was only getting paid to fight him. There was no sense in talking to him then, was there?"

* * *

Not In the Box Score;

Both the Cubs and the Dodgers, his old and his new playmates, are using the Freddy Lindstrom sliding pad this year. It is a pad sewed inside the left trouser leg . . . Nat Fleischer, the magazine editor, shortly will publish an encyclopedia of boxing. It will contain the history and bout by bout records of fighters since 1703.

IT, PERHAPS, was no mere coincidence that one of the warmest days of the year arrived along with Max Schmeling.

Naturally the ballyhoo for his fight with Louis will continue to set the pace for other temperatures until the dark Uhlan sits down in front of the cream-colored Bomber on June 18. As Mr. Arthur Brisbane probably quite often has advised the world, a million bobs is a lot of doughnuts. Therefore even such specialists in charitable promotion as the athletic club directors must shower down their sparks of imagery so that all citizens with money to burn will have no trouble finding their way to the festal altar.

Just as naturally, though, all this good clean fun has brought new wrinkles into the otherwise bland countenance of Uncle Michael Strauss Jacobs. While wandering hither and yon, now peeping in anxiously to see that Herr Schmeling has been properly tucked into his pretty white (11:00 p. m.) bed, now peeping out fretfully to inquire whether Joaquin Yussell Jacobs has been yanked out of his pretty white (11:00 a. m.) crib, Uncle Mike ever bores the rumor with suspicious eye. Even while engaged in such elevating work as handing out A's (or some other letter of the Broadway alphabet) to the boys who have done the best daily compositions, the haunted gleam ever is present.

This is because, first of all, Uncle Mike has no illusions as to where charity lines up for the gun. This again, he is a business man as well as the most eminent promoter since the days of the late lamented Rickard. So, because it is his own dollars which must back the ballyhoo and because a full 200 G's worth of them must be laid on the line long before June 18, this most celebrated of Main Stem traders must ever give his best regard to those items of fate which never appear upon the immaculate balance sheets.

To make sure that no misfortune besets the path of the two athletic young men before they can wrangle before their gold embroidered audience, he must carefully scan all angles. While doing so he must comport himself with due memory of those other promising prizefights which were forcibly detoured, while seemingly on the straight and narrow way to success.

Schmeling.

In mentioning this, there is no desire to cast blots or manure upon Louis, because the way of a promoter is tough and because no fight is a success, a flop or even a sure thing until the gong has sounded. I merely am sympathizing with Uncle Mike. There have been all too many such affairs which have encountered dire fate in spite of the best of skill and intentions.

For instance there was the time when Stanley Ketchell and Sam Langford were ready to enter the ring of the old Fairmont club up in the Bronx. Perhaps a little bird whispered, although that bird for which the Bronx is most famed is not given to whispering. Or it may have been that the higher-ups showed more tact and forcible tidings to Billy Gibson, the promoter. Anyhow, the affair was junked and later conveyed to Philadelphia.

Wills' Battle With Tunney Never Did Come Off

Sometimes, though, fate behaves very handsomely in dealing with all parties concerned. High up in this sorting of fights which never came off there can be mentioned the Sharkey-Campolo affair, which was scheduled for Yankee stadium. Just as the woefully small crowd was wending its way into the arena, the skies wept in sympathy with the promoters who were about to lose a small fortune. So the thing was called off forever.

There also was the time when Gentleman Gene Tunney was supposed to meet Stevedore Harry Wills. A considerable portion of the press thought favorably about the glorious possibilities of that one and, indeed, the tickets already had been ordered for it.

What happened need not be gone into here. Some say that Tex Rickard begged Tunney to lay off and promised him a shot at Dempsey.

* * *

Things I believe:

That the sign on Connie Mack's door should read "Wrecking Done Here, Ternus Strictly Cash."

That folks who predict that Tony Canzoneri will be massacred at Madison Square Gardens in May forget the first Ross-McLarnin affair. Just as is the case now, Vancouver Jimmy had been fidle far too long before training for that one. So his legs were shaky and his timing was off all evening.

That the National League executives, having proved themselves great big strong business men of sterling character by blackballing the Jew who was voted the best umpire in the game, should endure up with Dolly Stark. That the National League umpiring, never on a very high average, is worse than it has been in years. That, if Brooklyn really is the best of all baseball cities, it is very poor judgment to keep shooting the most incompetent arbiters into the Dodgers' games.

That the A. A. U. may be shocked to discover a Commercial league digging deeply into that Sunday afternoon hockey gold mine next season.

That a man with a bag of gold also will come into the lives of the more eminent winners at the Olympics this summer. And that professional track and field events will be a success.

thetic Gentleman

anning Pollock

Chanslor & Lyon Pollock WNU Service.

SYNOPSIS

Barry Gilbert, likable youth ...ates, jobless and broke, ex-...pected summer home in ...ing shelter from a ...abes himself at home. Dos-...phies is started by ...of a butler, Willetts; and ...Barry learns that the ...owner of the house, Jack ...on the servants had never ...pected. He decides to bluff ...pected parents have left ... Next morning he is given ...this "mother." He opens it ...messages from the real Jack, ...will not come, and returning ...letter bill. The boy's father ...ed him into obscurity. Bar-...the money, intending to re-...he orders Evans to take ...back, intending to disappear ...but he meets Judge ...and his daughter, Patricia. ...Jack Ridder, she invites ...the following Thursday. ...to Southampton, deciding ...Barry meets Peter ...Attorney Winslow ...that Judge Hambidge had ...stolen which a woman ...in a taxicab. At home Barry ...that the real Jack Ridder ...late bootlegger, is jail ...with the murder ...boy's boss. The girl ...Barry how she had met ...Jack lost his job, and they ...Town where she got work ...Hat Bar. There she was ...by the police for ...and was arrested. Her bus-...Kelly's, to induce him to ...ger. Later Kelly was found ...skull crushed by a decanter.

TER III—Continued

...a lucky break for you, ...'d been here, he'd've had ...right out of the front ...kid! He hasn't spoken ...for years. Paid him fifty ...to use the family ...then a cabaret girl turns ...and spilled the boy, and ...murder — or was ac-...because somebody caught ...in a night-club."

Barry's face was a study. ...ribbling to the way he'd put ...not here. And that's not ...the best of ...that I am."

...can help you, and I'm ...am—if you'll let me. If ...go on being John Clarke ...

...the game, is it?" ...Clarke Ridder, fake, ...best friend John Clarke ...ever had in his life, I ...take your case. ...know I'm a fake. I can ...to use his influ-...that's plenty. I can get ...home, because I'm mak-...with that!"

...across the room, and to ...server, returning with the ...decanter.

...Any shock might ...must change his ...Barry, "but I'll ...what if he does read about ...Clarke Ridder, the ...bright girl and is on trial ...Tammany boss, Jay Rog-...a ring. But, if he ...John Clarke Ridder, Jr., ...top of everything else ...what's the answer?"

...the answer if he don't?"

...here is that a noble ...named John Clarke Rid-...at's no—gets a whole lot ...an unfortunate guy ...Rogers. Why? Because ...him is innocent—that's ...don't make any mistake ...Ridder believing it's go-...a lot other people he ...too. I write my mother ...has been money to carry ...and I get it, because the ...decides I can't be so bad. ...he gets his newspa-...scrap—not for his own ...wouldn't help much, but ...—together that I'm ...family influence for you. ...it's over, and your hus-...bitted, I'll be in some post-...to the old man for you. ...be last acquitted!"

...got to face that chance, ...

...looked at him with hard eyes. ...Peggy looked even shabbier in her cheap black dress and her little red beret. Her face was very white, for want of make-up or sleep. "It's funny," she said, awkwardly, "but I sort of feel that everything's going to be all right now."

"Why don't you and the boy move out here?"

"To stay, you mean?"

"Sure. I can square it with Willetts. Come along, the end of the week. Peggy. After all, it's where you belong, you know."

"I belong with Jack," she said. "And, anyway, has it struck you that the old man might come back unexpected? He's been mad six years. What's he going to do when he finds out about all this?"

"Well," Barry regarded, "if we've got his son out—"

"He won't care," Peggy interrupted, her voice again hard and pitiful. "He never did.

"He smashed Jack's fiddle. Jack wanted to be a violinist. He could've been, too. But the old man found he was taking lessons. 'I don't want any jazz-handers in my family,' he snorted. 'You're going to take my place when I die.'

"That started it. He'd always been hard on Jack. Bossy, the old man is. And you can't boss Jack. He got another fiddle. He was good on it, too. When he went up to Harvard, he used to play it at parties.

"When his father heard about that, he threatened to cut off Jack's allowance. So Jack stopped fiddling, and began to drink. And, one night when he was awful drunk, he wrote the old man's name on a check. He tried to get it back the next day, but the bank had turned it down, and the guy he'd given it to was sore, and had Jack arrested.

"Jack had sold his second fiddle to make good. He never got another one. The old man cut Jack loose. He came up to Boston, with a newspaper that printed the story in his hands. Cold as ice, he was. 'You've disgraced me,' he said, 'and you'll go on disgracing me, if I'll let you. I won't. You can go where you like and do what you please, but not with my name. If you ever use that again, you can starve.'"

Peggy turned to the window.

Then, abruptly, "How are we going to get in to see him?" she asked. "You're his wife," Barry answered.

"And you?"

"I'm his friend. And my name's Ridder."

Even Peggy's story didn't quite prepare the Duke for that meeting with his other self.

He'd rather expected to see one of those weaklings who find the world a vast conspiracy against them.

John Clarke Ridder, Jr., proved to be merely a frightened youngster, a slim, rather frail lad in his early twenties, with soft, dark hair, and large dark eyes, and a peculiarly sensitive mouth. His hands were soft and sensitive, too, but there was nothing effeminate about the boy. "Gee, I'm glad to see you, Peg," he blurted, "I was getting a little bit worried."

Peggy's presence reassured him. Evidently, he counted on her, and felt safe while she was with him.

"Jack," she said, quietly and significantly, "I've brought your friend, Mr. Ridder. He's going to help us."

"That's great," he observed. Fortunately for them, the guard had other things on his mind. He kept disappearing, and coming back, and looking away from them to a paper that someone had given him, and that seemed irritating. In a low voice, Peg outlined what had happened, and the conclusion that had been reached.

The boy turned to Barry.

Young, frightened, and soft, he could reason quickly, and talk straight.

"I don't understand," he said to the Duke. "If these people will do things for you, because you think you're Jack Ridder, why won't they do 'em for me, when they know I'm Jack Ridder?"

"Because they like me. They've never met you. And because my record's clear. I'm not accused of murder under circumstances that—well, they don't sound pretty, at first, do they?"

"They do not."

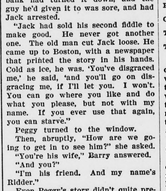
"And, of course, there's your mother."

The sensitive mouth tightened.

Barry gave him the letter he had shown Peggy.

The lad read it.

"The old man's got her buffaloed," he remarked; "same as he's got everybody else. O. K. I wouldn't have used



Quickly He Mapped Out His Plan.

my own name, anyway. Letting you use it's another thing, but Peggy thinks you're straight, and she's never been wrong yet. It's a queer game, but I'll sit in. What next?"

Barry was relieved. The guard had been showing his paper to a colleague. Quickly, he mapped out his plans—so far as he had any. "I've got a date with Peter Winslow on Monday. And I'm going to cable your mother—for money. We've got to have that, I hope to get a job pretty soon, and make my own way, but, just now, there's less than a hundred and fifty dollars in the kitty, and I'm going to give most of that to Peggy for current expenses. You'd better write your mother, too—the kind of letter she would like to get. It'll have to smuggle it out of here, I suppose. Now, tell me exactly what happened the night before last."

The story differed very little from the one Barry had heard, but it was full of shrewd questions that hadn't occurred to him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

BY REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Member of Faculty, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. © Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for May 24

BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE

LESSON TEXT — Luke 20:45-47; 21:1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT—In your patience possess ye your souls.—Luke 21:19.

PRIMARY TOPIC — A Gift That Pleased Jesus.

JUNIOR TOPIC—What Makes a Gift Great?

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Making the Most of Today.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Living for Spiritual Ends.

While this lesson is indicated as the quarterly Temperance lesson, and the various subjects suggested vary in their objective, a more logical theme would seem to be "Jesus Teaches in the Temple." No individual, city, or nation can truly build for the future that disregards what the Bible says about the future.

I. Jesus Warns Against the Scribes (vv. 45-47).

He had just dealt with the disbelief of the Sadducees. The scribes claimed faith, for they were the teachers of the law. They were punctiliously exacting as to its literal observance. They had little understanding of the need of flexibility in applying its principles to human needs. They discovered that Jesus was teaching things contrary to their interpretations. Jesus taught that the law was made for man, and not man for the law. The scribes were publicity seekers, making parade of their wisdom. Sunday school teachers should earnestly pray that they may serve as true messengers of Christ, not as scribes, with only a head-knowledge of biblical matters.

II. Jesus Makes Estimate of Gifts (Luke 21:1-4).

1. Amount counts for little (v. 1). While the rich cast their gifts into the treasury, and observers may have noted that the clash and clatter of their coin indicated large giving, it is not likely that these gifts meant personal sacrifice or self-denial.

2. Inner conditions determine the value of a gift (vv. 2, 3). In the sight of man the poor widow's deed was not worthy of notice. In the sight of God it merited the immortality of the Bible record. The two-mite gift of the widow revealed her love for God, else how could she spare her all? It revealed her faith in God for tomorrow, for how else would she be fed? It revealed her humility, for she did not withhold her gift because it was so little. Verse 4 is indeed revealing as to Christ's interpretation of the deeper meaning of gifts, for that and the present age.

III. Jesus Prophesies His Return (vv. 5-33).

1. The temple to be destroyed (vv. 5, 6). The temple was the pride and boast of the proud Jew. Such boasting called forth the Lord's declaration that there shall not be left one stone upon another," a fact that had its fulfillment A. D. 70, when Titus destroyed Jerusalem.

2. The disciples' inquiry (v. 7). There can be no surprise that the disciples should ask for more information about future events. A corresponding verse in Matthew (24:3) should be considered.

3. An order of events was presented to them (vv. 8-24). Perhaps one would not so much say an order, as that he pointed out details on the great canvas of the future.

a. False Christs would appear (v. 8), some claiming to be the Messiah in his first appearing, and some in his reappearing. These make their appeal to such as are not rooted and grounded in the faith. "Go ye not after them."

b. Inevitable wars and commotions (vv. 9, 10) will embroil the nations. "Commotions" signifies tumults, in the absence of war, wrangling within national life, or between nations. The restful follower of Christ is to "be not terrified."

c. Violent persecutions were foretold (vv. 12-19). The believer of today should absorb the meaning and teaching of this marvelous passage of Scripture. "Settle it in your hearts" that Christ will be to his own even as to the tempest-tossed disciples on Galilee, when he said "Peace, be still." And in this connection he spoke the words of the golden text, "In your patience possess ye your souls."

IV. Appropriate Warnings (vv. 34-36).

The grosser sins may not ensnare the believer, but how subtle are the cares of this life. But upon the drunken, the obscene, the frivolous, and upon the follower of Christ alike shall trials and perplexities come. Watch ye therefore, always: pray, always. Only so shall the child of God be ready ("worthy") to escape, and to stand before the Son of God. Benediction is pronounced upon "those who love his appearing."

Christian Worship

All Christian worship is a witness of the resurrection of him who liveth for ever and ever. Because he lives, "now abideth faith, hope, charity."

The Greatest Gift

You propose to give up everything for God. Be sure, then, to include yourself among the things to be given up.

Talent and Character

Talent forms itself in solitude; character in the press of life.—Goethe.

Cheese Rises in Popularity as Knowledge of Uses Grows

400 Different Kinds Offer Wide Range of Recipes.

"Will you please tell us cooks something about unusual ways of serving and cooking cheese dishes?" So writes a homemaker. Fortunately I have some rather interesting information on the subject, says a well-known food expert.

Evidently, the use of cheese which has been increasing very much in the last twenty years is going up in 1936.

Cheese is, of course, our very oldest manufactured food. It was discovered accidentally at first, no one knows how, many thousands of years ago. In the following centuries, all kinds of variations of the original pot cheese type had been developed in various parts of the world. Alexander Togoroff, in his simple and accurate guide entitled "Food Buying Today," states that there are eighteen distinct types of cheese comprising some four hundred varieties. He goes on to say that these may be divided into two groups—hard cheese, such as American, Edam and Swiss and soft cheese, such as cream, cottage and Camembert. "The many varieties of cheese are due to the variation in the kind of milk used, the proportion of butter fat or cream retained or added to the milk, the methods followed in separating, preparing, seasoning and babdling the curd and to the handling and the ripening of the cheese."

American Cheese Popular.

The type of cheese known as American, "store" or "rat trap" cheese, is used more than any kind in this country. It is also known as Cheddar, taking its name from the English cheese of the same type. It is made from sweet milk and varies in flavor according to the way it is cured and aged. The first American Cheddar cheese factory was established in the Mohawk valley of New York. New York state cheese is still famous. Wisconsin is now one of our chief sources of domestic cheese.

Many other kinds of cheese are made in this country, most of them bearing foreign names. When the Europeans came to this country, they naturally tried to duplicate the native cheese of the countries of their birth. Sometimes they were successful in duplicating it. Our domestic cheese has been greatly improved in the last few years, principally through the experiments of the federal bureau of dairy industry.

A cheese of individual flavor and texture which is purely American is Liederkranz, which ranks with the Imported Camembert in the opinion of many experts. This cheese, with Camembert, Sillton, Roquefort, Pont L'Eveque, Port du Salut Bel Paese and Gorgonzola, is used with crackers or French bread as a dessert. Pineapple, Edam, Munster and Neufchatel are other popular dessert cheeses. Cottage cheese, known also as pot cheese, is usually used as a main course accessory.

For Cooking Purposes.

For cooking we use in this country American cheese almost entirely, although grated Parmesan and Romian cheese are used to some extent. In using cheese for cookery remember that it needs either a short cooking or a low temperature. Overcooking gives a stringy texture which is neither pleasant to eat or easy to digest.

While our staple American cheese still comes in the traditional "flats" from which the grocer slices wedges, it is also to be found in packages and in cans and in this case, of course, rind is lacking. Much of the packag- cheese is "processed" so that flavor and texture will be consistent. Cheese making today is a scientific art.

Alsatian Fondue.

1 pound Swiss or American cheese
¾ cup white wine
3 tablespoons brandy or kirsch
French bread

Slice cheese into a chafing dish, cover with wine and let stand several hours. Stir over fire until cheese is melted. Add brandy or kirsch and serve with pieces of French bread.

Creme Fromage.

3 tablespoons coffee
¼ cup boiling water
2 packages cream cheese
2 tablespoons sugar
2 egg whites

Add coffee to boiling water, cover and let stand five minutes. Beat cream cheese well with a fork. Stir in coffee, which has been strained, and mix well. Fold in beaten egg whites. Chill and serve with pineapple wedges, which are dipped into the mixture as eaten.

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Colorful Applique for Tea Towels Fun to Do

PATTERN 5522

You'll find it the grandest sort of play—this embroidering of tea towels with gay applique, whether they're for your own spotless kitchen, or another's. Comb the scrap-bag for your choicest cotton scraps, as this poke bonnet miss demands a bright dress and bonnet every day in the week. If you prefer do her entirely in outline stitch. It's an easy and effective way of doing these amusing motifs.

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